

White Cloud



Kansas Chief.

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Choice Poetry.

THE CABLE SONG.

BY JOHN G. WHITFIELD.

O, lovely Bay of Trinity,
O, happy shores, give ear!
Leap down into the white-lipped sea,
The voice of God is here!

From world to world his country lies,
Thought-winged and shod with fire;
The angel of his story sky
Rides down the sunken wire.

What saith the lord of the Loth!
"The world's long strife is done;
Close welded by that mystic cord,
Its continents are one."

And one in heart as one in blood,
Shall all his people be;
And Asia's mountain peaks,
And Europe's valleys free.

Through Orient seas, o'er Afric's plain,
And Asia's mountain peaks,
The sign of the southern hemisphere
Shall serve the world's outflow.

"From clime to clime, from shore to shore,
Shall stretch the single thread;
The new Prometheus steals once more
The fire that wakes the dead."

Through on strong pulse of thunder's beat
From answering beach to beach;
Pace nations in thy kindly heat,
And melt the chains of each!

Wild terror of the sky above,
Glides tame and dumb below!
Best gently, Ocean's carrier dove,
Thy errand to and fro.

Weave on, swift shuttle of the Lord,
Beneath the deep sea far,
The bridal robe of earth's second—
The funeral shroud of war.

For lo! the fall of ocean's wall,
Space mocked and time outrun;
And round the world, the thought of all
Is as the thought of one.

The poles unite, the zones agree,
The tongues of striving cease;
As on the sea of Galilee,
The Christ is whispering, Peace!

THE BRIDE DAYS OF OLD.

"For Bessie, in Bessie's gown,
Spun neither gold nor silver,
No one nor wife, nor maid nor girl,
In the bride days of old."

"Then none was for a party,
Then all were for the State;
Then the great men helped the poor,
And the poor men helped the great;
Then lands were fairly portioned;
Then souls were fairly sold;
The Romans were like brothers,
In the bride days of old."

Select Tale.

A CLEAR CASE OF LUCK.

"A good many singular things happened during the war," said John, as he lit his after-dinner cigar; "but somehow, I consider my own case about the funniest thing of all."

"Ah!" said I, "how so?"

"Did it ever occur to you that I should have got to be a partner in the first, and a married man, and all that sort of things?"

"O! you speculated."

"Not a bit of it; or rather, I did, and I didn't; for you know I detest speculation. I've even made old Mitraille swear off."

"So far, it's all very clear; but if you have secured a French wife, and a rich one, I could understand a little plain English."

Before I went to the war, John Davelin and I had been fellow-clerks in the banking house of Mitraille & Co., in New York. A slight lameness prevented John from going into the army; and an utter absence of capital prevented him from proposing for the hand of the pretty Lucille, though I always believed that he had more to fear from her grandfather than from the young lady herself.

Poor as he was, and on a moderate salary, when I returned at the end of the war—a good deal lamer than ever John was before it—I found my chum in the full enjoyment of all his heart had longed for, and with a brown stone front to enjoy it in. So when he volunteered something which promised to explain the mystery, my curiosity was on fire in a moment. John was a right good fellow, and I did not envy him a particle; but I most say I was curious about it.

You know a good deal what I was after, when you went away; and my chum of getting it then seemed about as far off as luck, I tell you, and very little more. Old Mitraille always liked me pretty well, though I was hardly the man he would have chosen for a son-in-law; and I kept his private you know. You know all about that unbounded gold speculation in 1862 and 1863; well, he had somehow got into it, steady, old, hard-headed banker as he is. Almost everybody went in more or less.

The old man rather missed it once or twice, and got bit pretty hard, though no one but myself knew anything about it—so hard, indeed, that I was more than a little alarmed for the result.

I got it into my head, about that time, that I would like to run down to Washington, and take a look at the forts and camps. Somehow, it always galled me a good deal that I could not take my part with the rest, and I wanted to see the thing, anyhow. So I called at the

Miscellaneous.

THE WAR VALENTINES.

Come hither, my little dark-eyed maid;
Look thy dimpled head in mine;
And tell me, without evading,
The what and where of your Valentine.

"My love is a hosiery's mate on the river,
A man-of-war's mate bold," said she;
"Heart of oak and head of iron—
O, he's the Valentine for me!"

Listen to me, heart-breaking female,
With your white rose in your locket hair;
Fain would I know your lover's calling—
Who is your Valentine, what and where?

"O, my true-love's name is Capt. Zorn—
Down at the camp with him you'll meet—
And when he sounds on his bugle horn,
A thousand rifles spring to their feet."

Good morning to you, my passive girl,
With the crow-wing hair and violet eyes,
Rely lips and teeth of pearl:
Tell me your true-love's name and guise.

"Sure, my young man's name is Raymond O'Donnell;
And with his green feather he looked so fine,
When the drums were beating and the colors flying—
O, Heaven be good to my Valentine!"

Thus ever it goes on, the selfsame story:
Love and War walk hand-in-hand;
Forget-me-nots on the field of glory,
Under the laurel's shade expand.

(From the Toledo Blade.)
NABBY.

THE NEGRO VOTE—MR. NABBY IN Imitation of Wadsworth's "Fires to Conquer the African"—The Result of the Venture.

Post Office, CONFIDENTIAL X Roads,
(which is in the State of Kentucky.)
March 28, 1867.

I have made many sudden and rather extraordinary changes in politics—some of very sudden—the movement percolated through the conscience. I recollect I must have advocated free trade and high protective tariff, all within twelve hours. (I made a speech in a agricultural district in New York in the forenoon at 10 A. M., and in a manufacturing town in Pennsylvania in the evening, our platform being so constructed that both sides could find a endorsement in it,) and he performed many other feats of moral gymnastics; but this last change I have been called upon to make is probably the saddest. Last week Toody, Deekin Pogam, Captain McPelter and I were engaged in riding the Corners as niggers. We had endorsed em as long as we thought possible, and determined on standing it no longer. Selectin three which we was satisfied hed too much spellin-book into em to be enslaved again, we was preparin notices to be served onto em, orderin em to leave in twenty-four hours, when I received in the northern mail a letter marked "Free-Alex. W. Randall, P. M. G." I knowed it was official to-wunst—that blessed signatur is on my commission, and I've contemplated it too often to be mistaken in it. Its contents was brief, and run thus:

"To all Postmasters in the Southern States: The niggers here votes—constitutes in our best bolt. See to it."

This brief, tho' not hard to be understood order, was sealed with the official seal of the Post Office Department stamp into putty instead of wax, to wit: a loaf of bread, under a roll of butter, with ten hands a grabbin at it. I comprehended the situation at site, and set about doing my dooty with both Roman and Spartan firmness. "Deekin," sez I, tearin up the notices, "these niggers we hev misunderstood. They are not an inferior race—they are not descendants of Ham and Hagar—it wuzn't Paul's jee in sendin back Onesimus to condemn him to servitude—we hev misunderstood the situation, and must make amends. The nigger is devoid of smell, and is truly a man and a brother!"

"Wat?" sez the Deekin, tippin back in amazement.

"Jest wat I say," sez I, "read that," and I fung him the letter.

The upshot of the conference which followed was the callin up a meeting the next mornin, at which all the Ethiopians of the Corners wuz invited and urged to be present.

The trouble wuz to get the niggers to attend the meeting. The first one I spoke to left in my face, and asked me how long it wuz sence I hed helpd him a couple of niggers, by way of finishin off a color-brasher. Pollock, the Illinois attorney-keeper, got hold of it, and told Joe Bigler, and Joe swore that of the niggers hedn't any more sence than we give em credit for, in spooin we cood bamboozle em so deep, he shoold go back to the old belief, to-wit: That they wuz only a superior race of monkeys, after all; and by nite every nigger in the vicinity wuz posted thoroughly, and out of all av em I cood only get four who wold promise to attend, and them the Deekin hed to pay \$2 apiece to. To give it elaw, I promised one av em \$5 (to be paid at the close of the meeting) to sit on the stand with me, which, bein a very poor man, and havin a sick wife in a shanty near by, who wuz sufferin for medicine, (which he coodnt git without money,) he accepted.

At this point an jee struck me. I remembered Philadelphia, and determined to have a scene rivalin the Conch and Or-bizans. "Another thing, Colf, understand that it's a part of the bargain that when in my speech I turn to you and stomp, you must rise and embrace me."

"Wat?" sez he.

Useful and Curious.

VEAL POT PIE.—Cut up some veal, wash and season it with pepper and salt; line the sides of your pot with paste, roll out the veal in squares, cut up some butter rolled in flour and add to it, pour in as much water as will cover it, and lay a sheet of paste on the top, leaving an opening in the centre; put the lid on the pot and put it over a moderate fire, let it cook slowly till the meat is done; place the soft crust on a dish, then put the meat over it, and on the top lay the hard crust, with the brown side up. Serve the gravy in a bowl. To have the crust of a pot pie brown at the top, put it on a few coals before the fire, and turn it frequently.

CARROT PUDDING No. 1.—One pound of carrots grated, the apertures of the grater being one-eighth of an inch, otherwise the flesh will not pass through. To this pound of carrots add one pound of wheat flour, one pound of suet, and one pound of currants. Mix together, and boil the same as plum pudding. When brought to the table, a little butter-sauce is necessary, but no sweetening is required.

CARROT PUDDING No. 2.—To one pound of grated carrots add a pound of flour, a quarter of a pound of suet and two ounces of currants; mix, and boil like plum pudding. With a little sauce, this makes a cheap and palatable pudding.

GIBLET PIE.—Wash clean your giblets, put them in a stew pan, season with pepper, salt and a little butter rolled in flour; cover with water, stew till very tender. Line the sides of your pie dish with paste, put in the giblets, and if the giblets are not quite thick enough, add a little more butter rolled in flour. Let it boil once, pour in the gravy, put on the top crust, leaving an opening in the centre of it in the form of a square; ornament this with leaves of the paste. Set the pie in the oven, and when the oven is done take it to the table.

BEef STEWED WITH ONIONS.—Cut some tender beef in small pieces, and season it with pepper and salt, slice some onions and add to it, with water enough in the stew-pan to make a gravy; let it stew slowly till the beef is thoroughly done, then add some pieces of butter rolled in flour to make a rich gravy. Cold beef may be done in this way, only the onions must be stewed first and the meat added. If the water should stew away too much, put in a little.

BAKED APPLE DUMPLINGS.—One teaspoon of lard, one and a half of water, little salt for crust; eight tart apples, pared, quartered and cored; roll the crust and cut in circular pieces, and put in four quarters. Wet the edge of the dough and close up tightly. Bake in a slow oven to a nice brown. These may be served with cream and sugar; or, a sweetened sauce, are excellent.

TO BOIL A GOOSE.—After it is well dressed, singe it thoroughly; have ready a dressing prepared of bread crumbs, seasoned with salt and butter, with the addition of two finely chopped onions, and a little sage. Fill the body and close it firmly; put in cold water, and boil gently till tender. If the goose is a young one, an hour will be sufficient time.

CRYSTALLIZING GLASS.—To one quart of water add one pound of alum; boil till all the alum is dissolved; add a little indigo, and then pour it into a flat dish and place the glass in it. Let it stand till the crystals are formed, which will take about twenty-four hours. Peachstones, cinders, heads of wheat, oats, etc., may be thus crystallized.

MINT SAUCE.—Choose some young mint, pick and wash it; chop it very fine, and pour on enough vinegar to wet it. To every gill of vinegar allow two gills of brown sugar. The sugar should be dissolved in the vinegar, then poured on the mint.

TAPIOCA JELLY.—Take a quarter of a pound of tapioca, swell it thoroughly in a pint of water, then add a glass of wine, with sugar to the taste. Tapioca, simply swelled in milk and eaten with a sauce, is light and nutritious food.

The Fun of the Thing.

"THE GREAT UNKNOWN."
SUGGESTED TO HAVE BEEN WRITTEN BY WM. H. SEWARD.

Who is the State Department spy,
So very keen of ear and eye,
Who travels Europe on the sly?
McCracken.

Who helped me in my smoking out,
And proved himself a ready scout,
In bringing dirty things about?
McCracken.

When office-seekers howled for food,
And wanted Ministerial blood,
Who gave me means to quiet the brood?
McCracken.

Who wrote like an illiterate fool,
From some Confederal cross-road school—
And yet made me his ready tool?
McCracken.

Who brought down Motley with his quill,
And set him sailing with such skill,
Which served the State Department well?
McCracken.

Who ceased the transient blush of shame,
(Which passed every like matter fame.)
When Sumner showed the world my game?
McCracken.

Who brought me Murphy to his knees,
And set him sailing with such ease,
To show his willingness to please?
McCracken.

Who caused McMath to howl as low,
Lest I should strike the fatal blow,
And Andy give him leave to go?
McCracken.

Who made our Upton cringe and creep,
As if his crime was stealing sheep,
So that his place he still might keep?
McCracken.

Who made all Europe laugh and jeer,
And filled its courts with mischief here,
Which all its prints discussed here?
McCracken.

Who set this Congress on my track,
And piled its Jacobins on my back,
And asked its "dead ducks" up to squack?
McCracken.

Who do, with such a general scorn,
To bring on me this general scorn,
And make my office so forlorn?
McCracken.

For the Farmer.

Planting Trees.
Capt. Anderson, of Cincinnati, recently submitted to the Horticultural Society of that city, the following report on planting trees, viz:

The best time to transplant deciduous trees, is as soon in the fall as the leaves begin to drop, or cease to work. Protect the roots from the action of the storm and winds. The ends of the broken roots should be made as smooth as possible, as a smooth cut will heal over, while a rough one is very apt to decay.

In pruning the branches of trees, the cuts should be made clean and smooth. In moving trees, it is best to cut back the leaders and top branches; the lower branches should only be cut when necessary to give shape to the trees. Severe pruning does not kill trees, while they often die from want of pruning. Under-draining and subsoiling are very beneficial in preparing holes for trees. The soil around newly planted trees, at least as far out as the roots extend, should be worked well every month or two during the growing season, and in the fall be well mulched with long, green manure.

It was suggested by Mr. Martin that the mulching should not be close round the tree, as it becomes a harbor for mice, which gnaw the bark during the winter.

DESTRUCTIVE INSECTS.
Dr. Martin called attention to the remedy discovered by Mr. Best, of Dayton, which is claimed to be perfectly sure to kill the worms that are so destructive to peach trees, and the curculio and other insects that destroy plums and other fruit.

Dr. Green stated that Mr. Best showed the best plums that were brought to the city, and he believed there was virtue in his remedy, which is kept a secret. Any one, however, can procure a receipt from him (Dr. Green), by simply signing a declaration that he will not tell it, and will pay Mr. Best \$5, provided it accomplishes what is promised. It is a strong alkaline remedy, and will not injure the trees or the fruit.

PLANTING STRAWBERRIES.—Plant in the spring and plant early, is my advice, with strawberries.

Strawberry plants, unlike most others, may be set with more or less success all through the summer; but I would never plant them in large quantities—except for special reasons—at any other time than in early spring. Planted at that season, they are, to my mind, the easiest of all plants to make live and grow; and planting strawberries is one of the simplest of all planting operations.

Some people plant at mid-summer, and meet with success. Some plant in the fall, and succeed; but many, who plant at either of these seasons, meet with failure or only partial success; while those cases which do succeed, happen more by accident by catching a propitious time, or by labor and care in watering, shading, &c., as to make it cost-ly; while if done in early spring, there is scarcely a chance of failure, and the very minimum of labor and expense.

The strawberry is a hardy, almost an Alpine plant, and its roots and leaves are excited into growth at a low temperature—and quite early in the spring it commences to push out new fibres from its main roots. The best of all periods for its removal is, in my opinion, immediately preceding this action of roots; then, if all the roots are taken up and properly planted, you lose little or nothing in the removal, and every week's delay detracts something from the future growth and strength of the plant or its progeny. Nevertheless the strawberry is more tractable than almost any other plant in cultivation; but when it is as easy to plant in the spring as any other season, always give it the preference.

—Rural World.

TO WESTERN EDITORS.—Keep it before the people, that to plant the common Black Locust is to reap certain disappointments. Hundreds of acres have been torn up by the roots in Illinois, during the last five years, because the horse had reduced their handsome tops to night-ly stumps. Those planted in the early settlement of Kansas are universally sharing the same fate. The seed is easily gathered, they grow rapidly, make a beautiful top, are healthful in their climatic influences, and are every other way desirable; but it is absolutely certain that they will fail after growing a few years on the prairie. Western men know this, but new immigrants from the East do not.

The Honey Locust which grows in the forests of all the West, and is armed with long woody thorns, has, so far as tested, proven safe for open cultivation.

But it is believed that the Osage Orange is our best tree for wind breaks around dwellings, stock yards or orchards. It grows certainly and rapidly, will attain a height of twenty to forty feet if not trimmed, and a belt twenty feet in width will, with its innumerable and matted branches, form a screen second in value only to evergreens, while it can be grown in much less time and at far less expense.

TOMATOES AND BORAGE.—A writer in the New England Farmer says that when tomatoes are growing near apple trees, the borer will not trouble the tree. He plants tomatoes by the trees to prevent them.

CONSERVATION.—We heard a good one, the other night, at the Theatre. "Why are the United States like a broken chain?" Answer—"Because they need another link on." (Lincoln.)

TRANSPARENT PAPER.—Wet fine paper on both sides with a solution made of resin and spirits of wine. It should be done with a feather.

PETROLEUM V. NABBY, P. M.
(Which is Postmaster), and likewise Professor of Bible Politics in the Southern Classical & Military Institut.

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